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Kevin McFadden

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Kevin McFadden

VARIATIONS ON THE EXCUSE
OF A CELIBATE IMAGINATION

There's nothing new under the sun,
no thunder when he sung in street,
no tunes when she returned. Thing
is, we need Hun-strength on the run,
we need thinner thugs then, no sur-
render. The sun, us, then nothing. We
hush, get neither new nor stunned.
Winter hut. Rent. Genes undone. Shh . . .
God's shut inn. There-there. *New* nun,
new unthoughts, dinner sneer, the
Hun, the hunt, new sting, order seen—
the strung nun heeds none whiter.
Unsnow the nun. Destring the here.
There in the unsung, wonder's then.